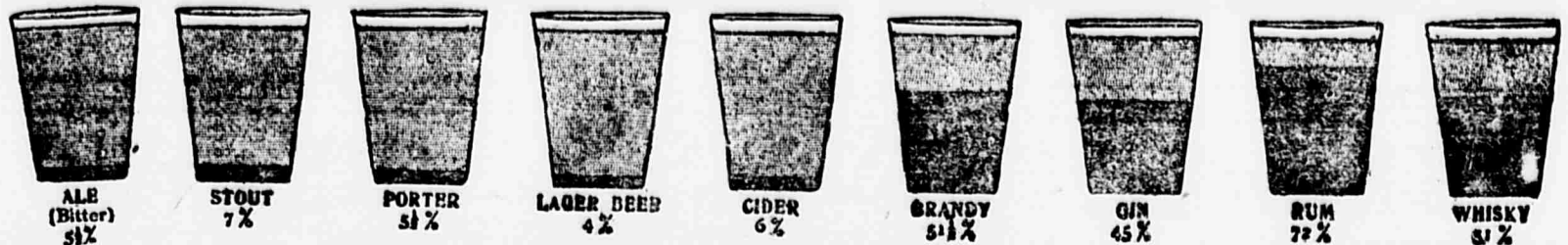


Percentage of Alcohol in the Various Drinks.



THIS diagram shows the relative proportions of alcohol in the various malt, vinous and spirituous beverages. As will be seen lager beer contains the smallest proportion (4 per cent.) and rum the largest (72 per cent.). The comparative quantities of alcohol in the others are bitter ale and porter, 51-2 per cent. each; cider, 6 per cent.; stout, 7 per cent.; gin, 45 per cent.; whiskey, 51 per cent., and brandy 51-2 per cent. Thus rum contains more than 20 per cent. more alcohol than whiskey; and cider is more alcoholic than beer, porter or ale.

Queer War Bets.

SOME extraordinary bets have been made on the Japanese-Russian war. A number of Japanese officers have bet that they would be killed in battle. The money was to go to their widows. One officer, on starting for the front, made the following wager: If he were killed within a month his heirs were to receive \$500. After that date he was to pay his opponent 10 yen (\$5) a day until he had survived 100 days, after which the bet was to cease. He undertook to expose himself to danger only when military conditions demanded it; in other words, he was not wilfully to let himself be killed.

In a moment of excitement Lomakin, a Moscow merchant, undertook to "eat his boots" if Japan were not forced to sue for peace by July 1 last. Against this his opponent bet 500 rubles. Lomakin ate the boots. But as no time limit was imposed, he cut off and swallowed only a tiny strip each day, completing the achievement on Nov. 20. His opponent absolved him from eating the nails.

A captive Japanese officer imprisoned at Omsk, in Siberia, bet the Russian officer in charge of the prisoners a kopeck for every minute that Port Arthur held out after June 1. He owed the jailer on Oct. 1 nearly \$1,000. The Russian asked for a payment on account and offered to terminate the bet. The Japanese said nothing, retired to his room and shot himself dead with a revolver.

When Hens Get Busy

IT is the season when the modest hen has greatness thrust upon her. Three-fourths of all the eggs laid in the United States are laid between March 1 and July 1.

And now the music of the hens fills all the country with promise of plenty and substantial prosperity, says the Milwaukee Journal.

The hen is more than a musician and a prophet. She has the magic power to turn her humble songs into the clink of gold.

In 1900, when the latest complete census was taken, the total value of all fowls on farms was \$5,794,996. These produced, in one year, poultry that sold for \$136,891,877, and eggs that sold for \$144,286,370—a total of \$281,178,247. The investment yielded an income of 400 per cent.

The average yield of the hen is 120 eggs a year. The high yield of 251 eggs a year has been recorded.

So the cackle and cluck of the humble hen are far more than mere music. The lay of the hen may not be a subject for the poet's rhapsodies, but it is a subject for the careful consideration of the practical-minded.

A Handkerchief Trick.

THE task is to fold a handkerchief lengthwise; to take hold of both ends with two hands and to make a knot in the handkerchief without letting go the ends. This is done with the knowledge of a trick.

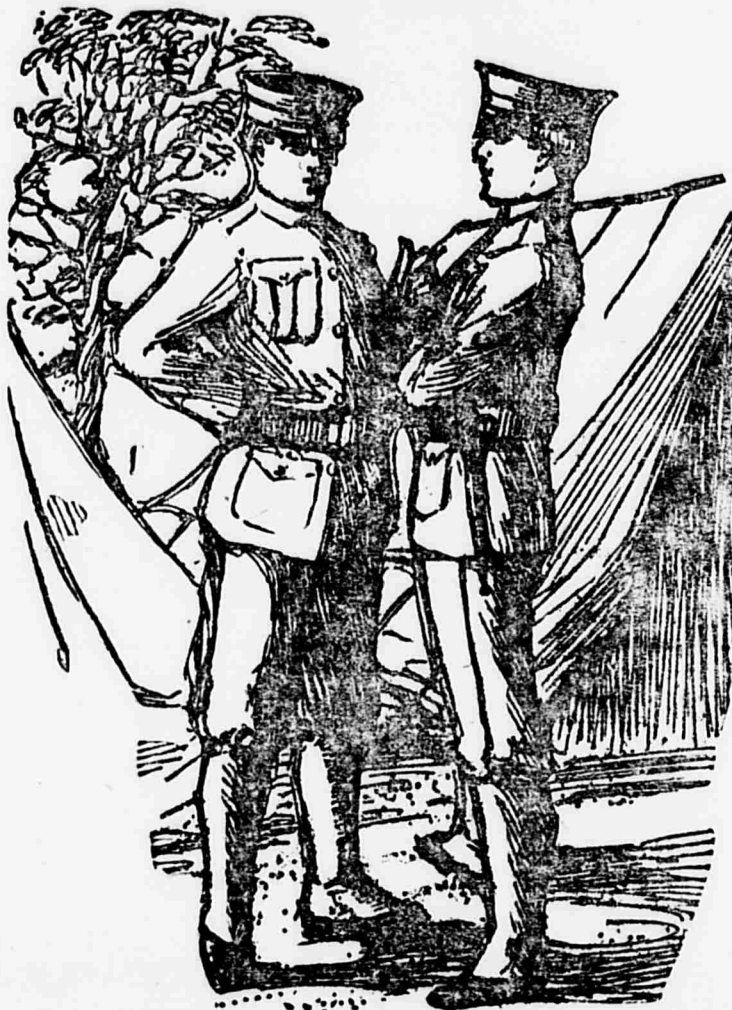
Place the handkerchief before you, fold your arms a la Napoleon, and take one end of the handkerchief with the left hand, which is now to the right, and the other end with the right hand, now to the left. By unfolding the arms make a knot in the handkerchief, and the trick is done.

Freak Coiffure Fad.



The proper Greek coiffure has taken this extreme in Paris. Laurel leaves with a ground of gold thread are the basis of the headdress. Psyche knot, exaggerated ringlets and rampant ribbons are features of it.

Find the Colonel.



These two subalterns are looking for their Colonel. He is in the picture. Help them find him.

WOOD-SAWING FOR BEAUTY.

IF you want to have a picture face cultivate a cheerful disposition and saw wood. This is not slang, nor does it mean that you must betake yourself to the woodshed and become acquainted with the woodpile.

One of the most famous models is the authority for the recipe for good looks. This young woman, who is only eighteen years old, is one of the best proportioned women in the world, and in addition to this she is known as the Girl with the Picture Face.

In posing she says she never uses any make-up, her mouth is a natural Cupid's

bow and her eyes are dark and expressive; her brows are pencilled by Dame Nature, and her skin is perfect.

The young woman simply lives a natural, wholesome life.

Wood-sawing gives her her ideal figure and disposition, according to the Chicago Tribune. Every day she dresses in a gymnasium suit and saws an imaginary cord of wood, going through each movement of sawing as though a day's pay hung on the work. A light buck-saw, soft wood and a rough-and-ready costume are the only appliances needed to indulge this wood-sawing fad.

Home Experiments.

PUT into a large tumbler a layer of mercury about half an inch deep, and let water from a spigot at high pressure run at full force into the glass. The glass will, of course, fill with water, but as it continues to run in, if the pressure be strong enough, mercury bubbles will begin to rise in the glass and float around just as soap bubbles float in the air.

These bubbles are films of mercury filled with water, which is carried down under the surface of the mercury by the force of the jet, and separates it into particles, forming bubbles, says the Inter-Ocean.

Bubbles of mercury can be blown on



the surface of the mercury under water by using a glass tube filled with water, one end being held just under the mercury surface while blowing at the other.

To make a fountain provide a bottle with a rubber stopper, having two holes in it. These stoppers can be bought at a trifling cost, or you can bore holes in one with the small blade of a penknife. Through one of the holes pass a glass tube, bent into the shape of a U at its upper end. The tube should be wet and worked through the hole. Through the other hole pass a glass tube also, the top of which is drawn out into a jet.

Now pour the bottle full of water, and put in the stopper with two tubes. Hold your finger over the jet and pour mercury down the other tube. When you remove your finger the force of the mercury in the tube will cause the water to spurt like a fountain. Six inches of mercury in the tube will cause the water to rise several feet in the air, making quite an effective fountain experiment.

Point of Etiquette.

SOON after the train left Lansing one of the male passengers seemed to be considerably perturbed about something, says the Chicago News, and his seatmate finally turned to him and asked him if he was ill.

"No, not ill," was the reply, "but I find myself in a quandary."

"As how?"

"Are you up on the rules of etiquette?"

"Fairly so. What is the point?"

"Well, there sits my divorced wife across the aisle from us, and I don't know whether etiquette requires that I take myself into the next car ahead and out of her sight or whether I should tell her that if she doesn't like my looks she can go herself!"

"Taking the Rest Cure."



Wife in country.

Hubby in town.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

MABEL—What are you making?
Auntie—Angel cake, my dear.
Mabel—Where will you get the angels to put in it?

Nellie was visiting at the seashore and, seeing the waves rolling for the first time, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what are those big, gray-haired lumps bobbing up and down?"

"What is algebra, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a young fellow.
"It's a white mule covered with black stripes," answered the little fellow.
"I saw one at the circus last summer."

Fred—Oh, mamma, the druggist at the corner gives away birds with each glass of soda water!

Mamma—What kind of birds, dear?
Fred—Swallows.

The Bright, Sweet Way.

FOR all the storm and the trouble—
For all the hope and fear—
To a rosy land,
Still hand in hand,
Let us walk the bright way, dear!

Over the hills the sunshine,
And the sky is bending clear;
Out of the strife
To a glad, sweet life
Let us walk the bright way, dear!

What is a little sorrow,
And what a falling tear?
The storms will cease;
There'll be joy and peace
Going the bright way, dear!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.